

# S

The Smart Screen Magazine



# SCREENLAND

July

15c

20c in Canada



oretta Young

*Charles Shelding*

**THE MOVIE ROMANCE THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD!**  
**BY PRINCESS RADZIWILL**

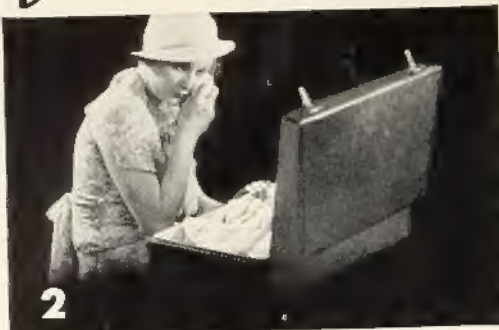
**Does The DuBarry Jinx Threaten Dolores Del Rio?**



# "It Could Happen to Any Woman!"



1  
"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."



2  
"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."



3  
"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."



4  
"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."



5  
"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."



6  
"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."



7  
"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."



8  
"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...'"



9  
"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"



10  
"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"



11  
"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."



12  
"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

*"Don't Offend Others!"* Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other — without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused,

says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse

the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



# Isn't It A Shame!

HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



**W**hen Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



**E**llen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



**T**he men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!



**W**hy doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



**E**llen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



**I**t wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

**O**lder men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

massage it into your inactive gums.

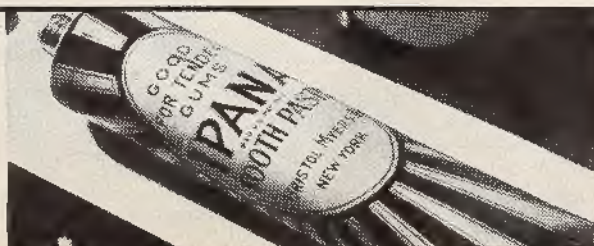
Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**  
TOOTH PASTE



**VISIT**  
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"  
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH  
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934



The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

## Watch Next Issue for Announcement Of Winners of Six-Star Contest!

**Y**OU must have liked our Romance Contest! Your Pen Portraits poured in—gay lines, grave lines; dramatic, daring; funny, fantastic. You must like Clark Gable, Marion Davies, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, and Jean Parker! These stars are highly gratified at your great interest.

SCREENLAND thanks you for your splendid interest and enthusiasm in making the Romance-Six-Star Contest, which was presented in the May issue, the most exciting we have ever had. It isn't easy to select the winners; but the judges are doing their best—and the announcement of the awards will appear in the next, the August, issue of this Magazine.

Clark Gable offered a movie camera and projector. Marion Davies, a handsome fitted wardrobe case. Helen Hayes, a negligée. Myrna Loy, a generous bottle of her favorite perfume. Madge Evans, a daytime frock. Jean Parker, a beach ensemble. Grand gifts—and you entered the competition with real zest. Watch our next issue for the announcement of awards!

July, 1934

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Janet Gaynor and Shirley Temple. *Personally autographed portrait.* The Circus is Here! *Joe E. Brown* in "The Circus Clown." *Mae West.* Maurice Chevalier. Cleopatra in Hollywood. *Claudette Colbert.* Warren William. *Henry Wilcoxon.* Boris Karloff. Jean Parker. Gloria Stuart. Richard Dix. Stars in the Sun. *Jean Harlow.* Mary Carlisle. Una Merkel. Muriel Evans. Madeleine Carroll. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. *Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell* in "Dames."

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Cover Portrait of Loretta Young by Charles Sheldon

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# MAE WEST



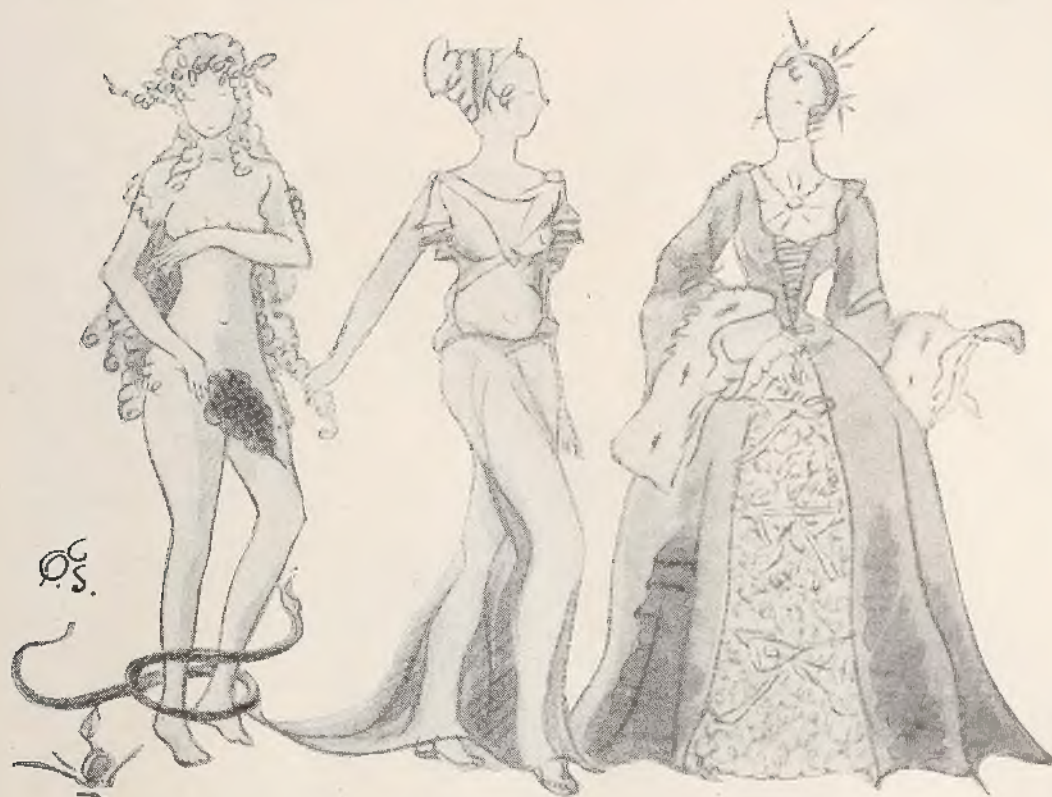
## "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey  
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!





# The Editor's Page.



Original Title:  
"Eve"

New Title: "Adam  
and his Mate"

Old Title:  
"Helen of Troy"

New Title:  
"Wonder Girl"

Original Title:  
"Marie Antoinette"

New Title: "Who's Afraid  
of the Big Bad Ax?"

## An Open Letter to Practically Everybody!

**D**EAR Metro, Warners, Paramount, Fox, RKO, United Artists, Universal, Columbia, etc.:

Can't something be done? Fun's fun, but don't you think this has all gone far enough? Think of the feelings of all the film-goers. How their heads must be whirling! It's bad enough about *my* head. But what is mine compared to so many? Trying to catch up with the title-changers of Hollywood!

One day, "Rip Tide." Next day, "Lady Mary's Lover." Third day, "Rip Tide" again! Think of all the wasted words, the spent printers' ink, the confusion! But maybe you *do* think of it. You gentlemen seem to think of everything. Maybe it's all publicity and I'm just naïve.

Of course, sometimes there are excuses. For example, when Warners changed "Hot Air" to "Rhythm in the Air" there *was* a slight improvement—but then "Music in the Air" objected, so "20,000,000 Sweethearts" became the final title—at this writing. Perhaps the Yale Lock people made them substitute "Isles of Fury" for "The Key." Did O. O. "Odd" McIntyre object to "Odd Thursday" so it had to be changed to "Such Women are Dangerous?" "Without Honor" becomes "He Was Her Man." (They do us wrong.) "Too Many Women" is—I mean are—now "Nine Million Women"—is *that* all?

I suppose I can't stop you, gentlemen. You must have your reasons. But may we, please, join in the fun? The following suggestions may help. After all, it doesn't seem to matter so much just what you change

a title *to*, so long as you change it.

Let's see. "Cleopatra" to "She Met Her Marc." "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" to "And a Little Dog Shall Lead Them." "The Cat's Paw" to "The Kitten's Me-ouw."

"The Private Life of Don Juan" to "The Private Life of Don Juan." "Little Man, What Now?" to "Desire unter den Linden." "The Painted Veil"—Garbo's latest—to "The Dance of the Seven Painted Veils." "Of Human Bondage" to "He Loved a Waitress."

What, gentlemen? You think those are awful? Now you know a little how *we* feel! May I make a bargain with you? You guarantee not to change more than half the titles of the pictures now in production in your studios, and I'll promise that the Public will have a better idea of what they want to see on the screen and go to see it. How do you think they figure it all out, anyway? You know and I know why it is very often necessary to change picture titles. But the Public doesn't know. Don't you suppose they must wonder sometimes just what happens to all these pictures they see announced in the newspapers and the magazines? (I know they do—they write to me about it.) What becomes, they ask themselves, of all those poor little lost movies? Where, oh where is "The Firebrand" that they were waiting to see? A few quick thinkers may guess that it has suddenly become "The Affair of Cellini"—but many more must wander away disconsolate, never to return. Can't we get together on this thing?

Delight Evans



# Tomorrow's Stars?

By  
*James M. Fidler*

*Toby Wing, one of screenland's prettiest blondes, whose ambition is to be "like Mae West." Will she win?*



thick-carpeted offices of the moguls of filmdom. The motion picture industry, more so than any other business in existence, must look ahead, must plan for the years to come.

Because the motion picture industry trades in beauty and personality—and beauty fades; personality wears.

Executives of the film industry realize that there must be new faces for tomorrow. They also know that the lucky era of silent pictures, when a pretty face could easily be elevated to stardom over-night, is gone forever.

Only one course is open—the motion picture industry must train its own future stars.

I do not make this statement in the nature of a discovery or a suggestion. I merely repeat something that executives of the film industry have known for two years. And for two years, the film industry has been building its own hatcheries for the breeding of tomorrow's screen stars.

This month I take you to the Paramount Studio, perhaps most active of all the motion picture companies in the general campaign to train new faces and personalities.

**T**OMORROW! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Today that frantic cry reverberates across the studio lots of Hollywood, echoing back from the great sound stages, and resounding in the



*Elizabeth Young, above, debbie toiling in films.*

*Henry Wilcoxon,—Marc Antony in "Cleopatra."*



*Joan Marsh, a beautiful movie baby. Oh, that smile.*

*Frances Drake, right, who scored with George Raft.*





If YOU say so, these newcomers will win screen fame and fortune. What's your verdict? First of an exclusive series presenting the most promising candidates for Hollywood glory

For the past several months, the Paramount organization has been carrying on an extensive search for promising young actors and actresses. Two world-wide talent contests have been included in this great search. Another contest to find an *Alice* for "Alice in Wonderland" revealed several promising youngsters. A country-wide search for a *Panther Woman* succeeded in uncovering at least six newcomers of marked talents.

In addition, the Paramount casting department has maintained a system of spies, or scouts, who have peered into every available corner for new faces and new personalities. Few stock companies in every city and town have not been seen by these spies, who have occasionally hurried their finds to Hollywood for tests and training.

As a result of these determined efforts, Paramount finds itself in the enviable position of having under long-term contracts a great number of young men and women, many of whom may never achieve great success, but some of whom are likely to be your favorite stars of tomorrow. Let me introduce you, in as brief but explicit manner as possible, to the Paramount hopefuls:

First, there are the six exciting young ladies who have been delegated, Paramount's Baby Stars of 1934. They are this studio's competition to the an- (Continued on page 78)

Flaming red hair, remindful of Clara Bow's—just one of Grace Bradley's claims to your attention.



Ray Milland, the lad who is getting another chance in films. Will you support him?

Howard Wilson, below, has some of that breezy humor that made Buddy Rogers a star.



Kitty from—no, not Kansas City this time, but New Orleans. Last name, Carlisle.

An ex-Follies blonde with smouldering gray eyes—that's Dorothy Dell. And how Dorothy can sing the blues! Born on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, acclaimed "Miss Universe of 1930," featured on Broadway—La Dell is now ambitious for screen honors.



Barbara Fritchie—her real name, too! She's just nineteen.







# Kay Francis

## Editor

### KAY'S CHARM SECRETS!

In every list of Hollywood's "Best-Dressed Women" Kay Francis ranks high! That's because Kay selects her clothes with care and wears them with distinction. She says that to be really smart, a woman must first make sure of her clothes—and then forget all about them! Few jewels for evenings; none at all for daytime—but the most scrupulous attention to the important things: flawlessly groomed fingernails—Kay prefers natural polish to the deeper shades; exquisitely smooth, white hands; gleaming, healthy hair, perfectly coiffed; painstaking facial make-up with particular emphasis on the eyes; and ever and always strict devotion to detail!

Costume jewelry? All right for special occasions, says Kay. In her new picture, "When Tomorrow Comes," she wears the sunburst necklace and carved crystals, with matching earrings, shown at the left.

White with dark accessories—a smart summer idea. Her trim white riding habit is accented by her coffee-brown linen shirt, brown hat, and brown gloves.



Navy blue and taffeta are news again! Above, Miss Francis wears what she calls "a good daytime dress"—good lines, no frills, but the gay note supplied by cuffs and neckline of Roman striped taffeta.



Wear earrings if you have shapely ears, a becoming coiffure, and a profile that will stand inspection! Otherwise, don't! Kay, at the right, shows you her "picture" pearl and rhinestone necklace and pendant earrings.





# Let Kay Francis guide you to genuine Glamor!

## Screenland Glamor School

Casual charm  
and how to  
achieve it! Kay  
Francis knows  
the secret, and  
she tells you  
here!

Kay's favorite hostess gown, in which she is pictured at the left, has fine lines patterned after a nun's robe! Exciting, that maroon-colored scarf draped at the neck, crossing in back, and looped through the skirt front.

The Chinese influence! Kay likes it—for its softly flowing lines and its authentic design. One of the few Hollywood women to wear dark clothes for the street all the year 'round, Miss Francis selects the black crêpe ensemble at the right with its jacket lined with green and brightened by embroidered flowers. That interesting hat has a box pleat across the top of the crown.

Gowns worn by Miss Francis designed by Orry-Kelly. Portraits, exclusively for SCREENLAND, by Elmer Fryer and Scotty Welbourne.







*Grace is in her steps -  
Heaven in her eyes - that's Shirley -  
Janet Gaynor.*

Janet Gaynor personally selected and autographed for YOU this favorite portrait of herself. The other little girl is Shirley Temple! Janet's charming autograph is quoted from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Second in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series of personally autographed star portraits. Watch for the next!





Richer

## Back to the Naughty Nineties!

**S**OMEHOW Mae West particularly glorifies that picturesque period of hour-glass silhouettes, pompadours, and faces on bar room floors—and she wisely returns to the scene of her first success in her new film, "It Ain't No Sin." Here she is!





**C**HEVALIER is gay today, and we're all glad! He welcomes his rôle in the new celluloid version of "The Merry Widow" because it's just the sort of thing he most enjoys—daring, devilish, and opposite his "good luck" girl, Jeanette MacDonald.

C. S. Bull

**Maurice is  
Merry Again!**



A vintage black and white photograph of Jean Harlow. She is standing outdoors, possibly on a beach or near some foliage, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved swimsuit with a dark belt tied around her waist. She is smiling and looking towards the camera, with her arms slightly out to her sides. The background is dark and out of focus.

**STARS  
IN THE SUN!**

**Jean Harlow  
Greets You!**



Una Merkel, up to the minute in her 1934 swim suit. Yoo-hoo, Una—meet us at Malibu, will you?


One of Hollywood's most provocative blondes, Muriel Evans, plays tennis looking like this! Just one reason why tennis is one of Hollywood's two most popular sports—you're right, swimming is the other! Muriel enhances her smart sports shorts and shirt, doesn't she?

Jean Harlow, just across the way, is posing against the background of her own swimming pool on her California estate. Jean's new one-piece swim suit has contrasting back that narrows to "wrap" around the waist and forms a smart tied belt, held with new two-tone braided straps at the deep sun-back and the bodice

Speaking of screen blondes—and do let's!—consider Mary Carlisle, pictured at the left in her favorite sports ensemble, which Mary tells us is ideal for sailing, or just plain basking. Query: can basking be plain when Mary does it?

Jean Harlow's suit, shown on the opposite page, is the "Wrap-around." Lord & Taylor, New York City. Mary Carlisle's costume consists of the "Ruff Neck" sweater and slacks of "Perlknit," Roos Bros San Francisco, Calif. Una Merkel is wearing the "San Tropez" model, "Perlknit" fabric, from Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Muriel Evans is seen in the "Perlknit" sports trunks and fine mesh shirt with turn-over collar—N. Snellenberg Co., Philadelphia. All models by B V D





# Madeleine *in* Maytime!

**S**HE makes us think of old English gardens, and soft speech, and the scent of old-fashioned flowers! Yet Madeleine Carroll is so modern that she thinks nothing of dashing over from her London to our Hollywood to make a motion picture! The world's fairest commuter! And the title of her first made-in-America movie is "The World Moves On"!

Fox





# "HELLO Dirty Face"



Use FREE Coupon Below

● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



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## Tomorrow's Stars

Continued from page 25

nual selection of Wampus Baby Stars. The six eye-delighters are Dorothy Dell, Frances Drake, Ida Lupino, Helen Mack, Evelyn Venable and Elizabeth Young.

Dorothy Dell is a blonde with calm gray eyes that belie her nature. She was born on a cotton plantation near Hattiesburg, Mississippi—one of the few representatives of that state in motion pictures. Dot stepped from school to fame as "Miss Universe of 1930." Subsequently, she became a Ziegfeld Follies star. Miss Dell is five feet five and one-half inches of beautiful curves; she tips the scales to exactly 125, and gets panicky when they reach 128. If you haven't heard her sing the blues, then you ain't heard nothin'!

Now step up and meet husky-voiced Frances Drake. She was born in New York City, but attended school in Toronto, Canada, and Arundel, England. You'd swear Frances, (pronounced Frahn-ces), is a real English girl, to see and hear her. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall, and she weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is brown, she has gray eyes, and her skin is a natural olive. Miss Drake began her career when, in England, she became acquainted with a professional dancer, and the two created a dance act that soon brought Frances to fame's door. Perhaps you saw her with George Raft in "Bolero" or "The Trumpet Blows." If so, perhaps you will agree with Paramount executives that she is a safe wager for ultimate stardom.

Ida Lupino looks like Helen Twelvetrees, on and off the screen. Barely seventeen, she is five feet four inches tall and tips the scales at 110 pounds. Ida is really English, but looks like an American sub-deb. She comes of a theatrical family that goes back 250 years, when English kings beheaded bad actors; that her family lived bears proof of their talents! Miss Lupino was sent to Hollywood from England as a candidate for the title rôle in "Alice In Wonderland," but she looked too sophisticated. A natural blonde with wide blue eyes, she is an able mimic, and her imitations of Garbo, Dietrich, and other stars are often the life of Hollywood parties. Did you see her in "Search For Beauty" and "Come On Marines"?

Paramount executives are doing nip-ups over Helen Mack; they say she is one of the industry's coming dramatic stars. Funny, too, because Helen was under contract to two other studios, and was given her release by both. That means nothing; so were Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable released by studios whose executives saw no good in them. Helen is tiny, (slightly more than five feet small), but gives the impression of being taller on the screen. She has dark brown hair and brown eyes, and one of those smiles that light up like one of those big studio sun arcs. Miss Mack, who is exciting Hollywood swains as only Mary Brian has succeeded in doing before her, attended dramatic schools for ten years before, at the age of sixteen, she was given her first stage opportunity, which led to picture tests and Hollywood contracts. Helen hates ingénue parts because she wants to be a dramatic star.

Evelyn Venable. She is the girl whose contract stipulates that she mustn't be kissed—on the screen. Off-screen? Well, that's different; Evelyn is reported engaged to marry Hal Mohr, a cameraman. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and her father is Professor Emerson Venable, a recog-

nized authority on Shakespeare. He has trained his daughter until her renditions of the immortal bard's plays are superb. Her great ambition is to bring Shakespeare to the screen. Evelyn has blue eyes and brown hair of a light shade. She is five feet and six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. With Walter Hampden, she toured the States, perhaps the youngest Shakespearean actress to achieve such heights. Surely you saw her in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday."

Last of Paramount's six Baby Stars is



Together again! Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler enact one of those delightfully romantic love scenes which won so much applause too many pictures ago. Above see them in a scene in "Midnight Alibi."

Elizabeth Young, refreshing daughter of Judge William Young of New York, where she was born. Graduate of one of the country's finest schools for girls and later a débutante in New York society, she turned her back on idleness and chose a career. She ultimately arrived on the New York stage, and created a small sensation by her performance there in "The Firebrand." Five feet five inches tall, blue-eyed, dark-haired, she could not escape the alert eyes of film scouts. Elizabeth's initial rôles in Hollywood were in "Big Executive" and "Queen Christina." Remember her?

These six girls do not represent, necessarily, the "best bets" under contract to the studio. There are others whose prospects are as bright. I will introduce them alphabetically, thus assuring no favoritism.

Grace Bradley is a Brooklyn girl with flaming red hair and hazel eyes. She is remindful of Clara Bow, who also was born in Brooklyn. Five feet two inches tall and 108 pounds, she is "a dancin' fool." She plays a piano beautifully; has given piano concerts, in fact. But it was as a dancer in a New York night club that she attracted the attention of film executives.

Kitty Carlisle is from New Orleans, and her voice, film officials aver, will lead her to high marks of screen fame. She was educated abroad, and speaks five languages fluently. She studied voice and dramatics at some of the finest schools in Europe, and was offered an opportunity to pursue an operatic career on the Continent. She chose to return to America. Her first success was in a condensed revival of "Rio



Rita," in which she toured for eight months, after which she scored a personal success in "Champagne, Sec" at the Morosco Theatre in New York. This led to films—and you'll see Kitty in "Murder at the Vanities."

Well, is this a surprise! An actor, after a small army of gals! Alfred DelCambre, six feet one inch tall, 180 pounds of stalwart man with dark brown hair and brown eyes, hails from Carrizo Springs, Texas, if you can pronounce it. A friend sent Al's photograph to the judges of Paramount's "Search For Beauty" contest and so, DelCambre was a winner, and now's he's under contract to Paramount, and thanks so much to that playful friend! Take a peek at Alfred in "You're Telling Me," and if you like him, tell Paramount.

Look! Another male! Jay Henry, whose papa is a wealthy New York business man, (Jay was born there), who wanted his boy some day to run the family business of shoe manufacturing. Jay said he'd rather be an actor, even if he had to get along on one of the strings from papa's shoes, so secretly he studied and worked in small theatricals. Papa consented to a vacation trip to California, where Jay was smart enough to get a screen test and a contract. When Jay's parents heard about the contract, they gave up the fight and offered blessings. Henry Jay's, (er, darn these inter-changeable names!), Jay Henry's six feet, 158 pounds, dark eyes and dark hair may be admired in "We're Not Dressing"—if you can look away from Bing Crosby long enough to con another member of the cast.

Barbara Fritchie hates people who mutter about "that other Barbara Fritchie—the Confederate gal" when introductions are made. It happens to be this Barbara's real name, given to her nineteen years ago when she was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Babs is five feet six inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was visiting in Beverly Hills, California, preparatory to tackling a career on the New York stage, when a film executive suggested a test—and she never reached Broadway, for which I'll bet Broadway is sorry. Barbara screen-début-ed in "The Last Round Up," but if you missed that, you may see her in "Murder at the Vanities."

Five feet and five inches tall, 114 pounds, Gwenllian Gill was born in Hartlepool, Durham, England, and is Edinburgh, Scotland's "Search For Beauty" winner. Funny, too, that like the experience of Alfred DelCambre, Gwen's pictures were sent in secretly, by her sister. She won, so of course she had to take that wonderful prize trip to Hollywood—and you couldn't expect her to refuse a movie contract, now could you, even though she wasn't interested in a career back in Edinburgh? Well, here she is in Hollywood, and was she the pretty one in "Come On Marines."

Julian Madison is another "Search For Beauty" winner. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown, curly hair and blue eyes.

Ray Milland is really having his second opportunity in Hollywood, and Paramount officials are banking heavily on his future. Picture-goers will remember Ray opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought." Shortly after completion of that picture, he suffered a throat affliction which caused him to return to England—(Ray was born in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales). He returned to appear in "Larceny Lane" and "The Man Who Played God"—surely you remember Milland by now? He's the six-footer with dark hair and hazel eyes who won your eye in "Bolero"—unless you're such a George Raft fan that you didn't know there were two men in that picture. Well, never

## Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

*So Many Women Are Asking About*



**WRONG MAKE-UP** gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



**RIGHT MAKE-UP** provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

### These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

*That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.*

#### Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

#### What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.\* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

\*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Poppy

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick



*Angelus Rouge Incarnat*  
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS





STOPS PAIN — REMOVES

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**CORN PLASTER**



● Here's the latest—and the best—corn plaster, with exclusive features that increase its comfort and efficiency. Drybak, made by Johnson & Johnson, was professionally designed to fit snugly without bulging; to stay put; to stop pain and remove a corn effectively.

● Drybak is streamlined—it has no square corners, no overlapping edges, no excessive bulk. It is more quickly and accurately applied. It does not creep. Drybak is *waterproof*. You can bathe without changing plasters. Its sun-tan color is less conspicuous—does not soil.

● Drybak's smooth surface will not chafe or stick to the stocking. Costs less than old-fashioned, creepy, bulky plasters. In boxes of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. Buy Drybak Corn Plasters at your druggist's.

**ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF  
BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS**

**DRYBAK**  
**CORN PLASTERS**

+ Johnson & Johnson +  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

mind, you'll see him in "We're Not Dressing" and "Many Happy Returns" and, so Paramount executives declare, in many, many more films. So there: 'Ray for Ray.

Two more "Search For Beauty" winners are Colin Tapley, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Eldred Tidbury, of East London, Cape Province, South Africa. If you think they grow 'em all ebony black in Africa, be informed that Eldred is six feet of fair skinned man with dark brown hair and gray eyes. Tapley is one inch less than six feet tall, and he has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Howard Wilson of Birmingham, Alabama, hitch-hiked his way to Hollywood, and having accomplished that much, muscled in on studio interviews until he finally got a small part in "I Won A Medal," then a better part in "The Lost Patrol." Curly-haired, six feet, brown-eyed, Wilson is a handsome youngster for whom Paramount executives have matinee idol hopes. Not unremindful of Buddy Rogers, he is of similar type.

Those, as you have been introduced to them, are Paramount's up-and-(we hope)-coming youngsters. Of course, they do not total *all* of Paramount's future hopes. The company has under contract other promising young actors and actresses who have done enough on the screen to be familiar, and who therefore need no introduction.

Among these better-knowns, (but still figured for future greater success), are Joan Marsh, Toby Wing, Charlotte Henry, Gail Patrick, Judith Allen, Ethel Merman, Frances Fuller, Lanny Ross and Dorothy Wilson. All of these, though many are still new to the screen, are so far advanced that they may not be classed with the studio's real newcomers. Of the group, Misses Wing and Patrick have been under contract for a year or more, and while they have been surrounded with much ballyhoo,

they have made little progress. Their futures are questionable, as is the career of Judith Allen.

Charlotte Henry's great success in the title rôle of "Alice In Wonderland" assures her new opportunities. She should be equally fine in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Dorothy Wilson was not long ago released from contract by RKO, but she performed so remarkably in "Eight Girls In a Boat" that she promptly won her present Paramount contract.

I suggest that you watch the progress of these newcomers. I make no predictions; I have merely spread them before your eyes. And how very anxious they all were to have you meet them. They realize that unless you like them, they cannot succeed. They plead for your support, and pray for your favor. It is you with whom they must register if they are to win stardom.

I suggest that readers preserve this article. This is the first of a series that will bring to you *all* of the young actors and actresses under contract to the many Hollywood studios. You will meet the embryo stars of tomorrow. Next month I will introduce to you a bevy of promising youngsters under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where such currently brilliant stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and others were once unknowns. You will be introduced to the young people that executives who are responsible for Garbo, Crawford, and others, believe will be your favorites of tomorrow.

Join me next month at my get-together party with a second group of Hollywood's brightest young lights. You'll enjoy knowing them; you'll get a thrill out of watching their careers, and thrilling that you knew them when they were unknowns—or even that you picked this one or that one for stardom.

## Don't Brand Her "Society Girl"

*Continued from page 33*

is despicable!"

Miss Vinson has every right to feel this resentment toward an unwarranted prejudice against any and all who are "to the manor born." One of the few girls in pictures today whose social background is authentic and not synthetically created for publicity purposes only, she knows whereof she speaks.

Born in Houston, Texas, of one of the oldest and most prominent families in the South, she was reared in an atmosphere of luxury and assured position. Her father was a founder and official of one of our largest national oil companies and as an only child she was petted and pampered as daughters of the South are usually treated. But she was not spoiled, her parents insist.

Actually, the very fact that the good things of life were hers by right of birth and breeding automatically minimized their importance to her. Instead of attaching undue significance to the possession of pretty frocks and lovely toys and several ponies, as is so often the case when these things are acquired at the price of sacrifice and deprivation on the part of the parents, Helen Vinson found that the making of mud pies and wading in forbidden pools of stagnant water was of far greater pleasure than attending dancing classes or practising her piano lessons. Thus, instinctively, as a child she relegated material things to their proper place in the scheme of things.

One of the major triumphs—and defeats

—of her childhood, in fact, consisted of hiding on the ground beneath the kitchen of her home and defying her mother to come after her! It was when she finally emerged that she tasted the discipline that typified the manner of her rearing—and to which her mother attributes the aforementioned fact that she isn't spoiled.

At the age of sixteen she entered the University of Texas, and the following year was selected by Florenz Ziegfeld as the most beautiful co-ed in that institution of learning.

It was after she left college and returned to Houston that Miss Vinson first became interested in dramatics. Along with her other social activities she joined the Houston Little Theatre Group and from amateur to professional acting was but a step. A step made easier because of the opportune removal of her family to Philadelphia.

At a bridge party in the Quaker City one evening, a man happened to remark that Helen should be an actress. "I am," she told him, fortified by memories of her Little Theatre work.

"Then why don't you try doing some stock over in New Jersey this summer?" he asked, and gave her the name of the director of a company which was just being organized for the forthcoming season.

With this entrée, Miss Vinson secured a place with the stock company, which was followed by other work with other stock companies. Then, her family trekked further eastward, to New York this time,



*I'm "that way" about  
Chesterfields, too—*



the cigarette that's **MILDER**  
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**